

able example to other nations. Had Hayes or Tilden been proclaimed President on the day after the Presidential election, he would have gone into the office as a party man. Now, the Chief Magistrate, whether Republican or Democrat, will be as different a character as if he had been born anew. Should he happen to be Hayes, he will be perfectly

of all partisan bonds and bargains. He should happen to be Tilden, he will be compelled to refuse compliance with the unjust Democratic hordes, and carefully to respect the rights of the colored people everywhere. This exigency may therefore demand a providential dispensation, and will certainly discourage the idle among foreign nations that the great Republic is at an end.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Men and Women.

A man sixty years of age, and professing to be a lunatic, has been taken into custody at Brooklyn for kissing pretty girls in the street. If he is crazy, 'tis folly to be wise.

Ruskin advises girls to "dress plainly in

of "light colors and the best materials." Several "other" girls are ready and anxious to follow the advice of the "modest" girl and to convince the old lady that if anybody knows what constitutes "plain dressing," it certainly is Ruskin.

Oliver Logan's husband, having been apprised of the result in Wales, has thus far only assumed that there are 80,000 women in the world, and that *cwrv* is the eschaltic motto which fetches the beer. The word must tend to produce economy in the consumption of the national beverage.

John B. Lawrence has checked in New York, the new gentleman's fashion of shooting at ladies who decline proposals of marriage by uttering one of the latest exhibitors to tenors' imprisonment. "This," says the Tribune, "is the latest dressage one of the noblest of our national sports."

Daniel Heyman's will has been contested in New York, and in the course of the proceedings

paragraph of which runs thus: "Sister Louise is my very Good Sister, For Geddung Wife For My Brother, but she never Dry and Get one For me. I think I Deserve 'A Good Wife with Plenty Stamps, also My Regards." This ample sentiment of humanity has perhaps never been more beautifully expressed.

While a young lady at a recent evening party was talking about the "psychological significance of dress," and maintaining that a person's character could, to a considerable extent, be inferred from his attire, a foppish young gentleman, wearing a black

utions, inquired, with a supercilious air, what that kind of coat indicated, to which the young lady instantly responded, "The blue is indicative of the wearer's feelings—the brass, of his manners."

Mlle. Sarah Felix, the elder sister of Rachel, as just died at Paris, aged sixty-eight years, she had been a moderately successful actress, leaving the stage at last to keep a perfumer's shop, in which she acquired a comfortable independence. She cultivated oysters also, off the Normandy coast, and made a pocketful of money thus. She was as penurious as her fa-

Dr. Farquharson argues in the *Popular Science Monthly* that intellectual power is lessened by the listlessness in which the well-to-do classes generally spend their lives. As to the amount of mental work that may safely be done, Dr. Farquharson says: "So long as a brain-worker is able to sleep well, to eat well, and to take a fair proportion of out-door exercise, it may safely be said that it is not neces-

A statistical Parisian bootmaker has recently given American ladies the distinction of having the smallest feet by nature among their sex, and from them he ascends in the order of size to the Spaniards, Italians, Russians and English to the Germans. Had Sir John Suckling lived to-day

...the feet of American belles would have driven him frantic for a simile. The "sun upon an Easter day" would not have done, and perhaps it was well that he died before this great perplexity came upon him.

Lamar, representative, and Senator after the 5th of March, is an exceedingly well read, man, and one versed in the ways of courtesy. His face is described as one that might have

lure out of one or vaudeville pictures, needing only the setting off of wide-brimmed, plumed hat and velvet doublet to make the *vraisemblance* complete; strongly emphasized features heavy dark moustache, which would be fierce if it had an upward curl, but sloping downward is gravely romantic; pointed beard a chin, large hazel eyes, straight hair, between brown and black, worn so long that it falls

own over the coat collar; a lofty forehead; form of medium height and well-shaped, save for the stooping shoulders. Mr. Proctor Knott is painted in even more brilliant colors. His cheeks and nose are of a rich strawberry tint, and his hair and moustache are as white as snow; he is said to resemble blanc mange and currant jelly.

Not A Compromise.

But, how can that man be said to compromise who, having a just and righteous claim, asserts it, maintains it, enforces it by argument and proof, yield no jot or tittle of it before a tribunal so constituted as to insure its decision in accordance with justice and righteousness, in so far as the lot of humanity will admit? I think justice and right are compromised when

They are compromised when they can only be maintained by doubtful, disputed exercises of power. They never can be compromised when they are permitted to stand before a tribunal clothed with judicial powers, surrounded by judicial safeguards, invested with legal authority by the law making power of the country. Let it not be said this reasoning implies that truth and error stand on equality, that it makes no difference whether matters be settled right or wrong, provided only they be settled. If it

precisely because truth and error differ, it is because of the vast difference between the righteous result and its antagonist, that we propose to submit the differences between them, not to force, not to heat and passion, but to that tribunal which among all mechanisms possible to be executed by the law is least liable to be inverted from the truth.

Mark Twain's Eulogy of a Watch.

A jeweller in New Haven, Conn., has a remarkable watch made by a foreign watchmaker, which Mark Twain describes as follows:

"I have examined the wonderful watch made by M. Matile, and indeed it comes nearer to being a human being than any piece of mechanism I ever saw before. In fact, it knows considerably more than the average voter. It knows the movements of the moon and keeps

each record of time; it tells the day of the week, the day of the month and the month of the year, and will do this perpetually; it tells the hour of the day and the minute and the second, and even marks the division by 'stop' bands; having two stop bands, it can take accurate care of two race horses that start, not together, but one after the other; it is a repeater, wherein the voter is suggested again, and musically chimes the hour, the quarter, the half, the three quarter hour, and also the minutes that have passed of an uncompleted

quarter hour—so that a blind man can tell the
me of day by it is to the exact minute.

Such is this extraordinary watch. It cipher
a admiration; I should think one could add
another wheel and make it read and write;
till another, and make it talk; and I think
one might take out several of the wheels that
are already in it and it would still be a more
intelligent citizen than some that help to gov-
ern the country. On the whole I think it is
entitled to vote, that is if the sex is the right

The Chicago coroner has ornamented his annual report with poetical extracts, and the document is altogether a remarkable one. After mentioning four suicides from love, he says: Let us pass from the contemplation of the tragedy of love to that of the poor fellow who flew out what little brains he had on account of the tortures to which he was daily subjected

—his mother-in-law. Mothers-in-law have always been a great source of mischief to the world, and alas! the plague is so universal and enduring that we must despair of ever seeing it overcome. The misery caused by mothers-in-law is eternal, even as mothers-in-law themselves are immortal."

